

Raw Fun • French Milton • Quaalude to War

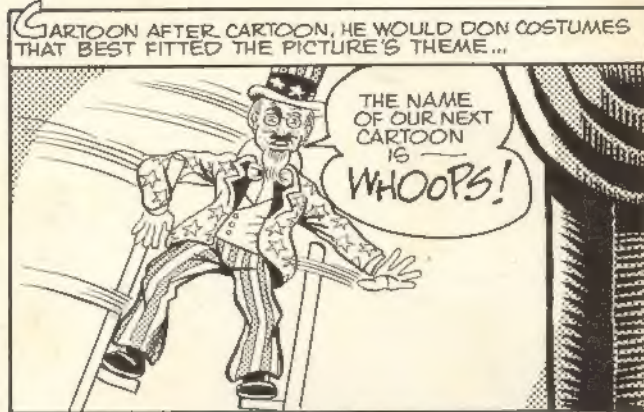
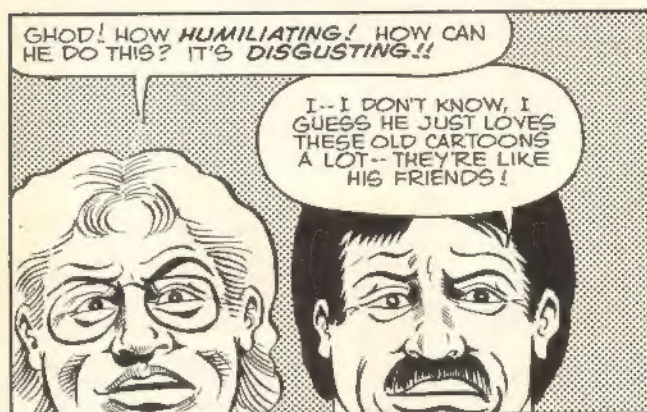
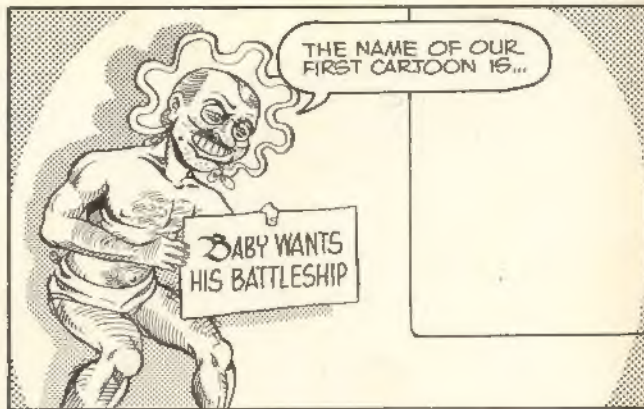
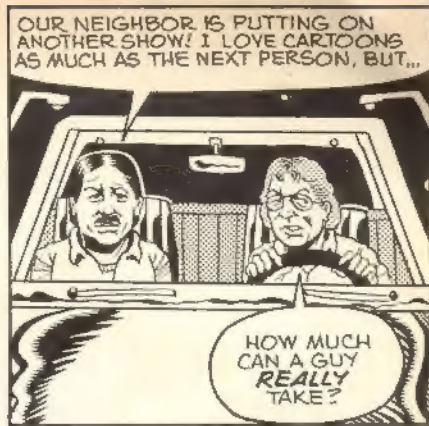
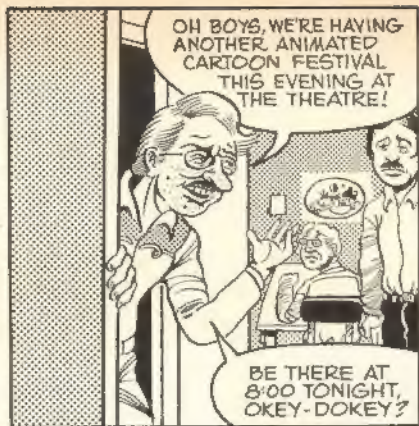
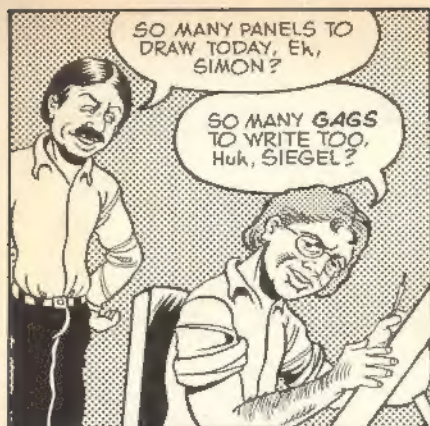
PEOPLE *are* PHONY

75¢

DOLTS
ONLY



SEGEL & SIMON



PEOPLE ARE PHONY ©1976 by BARRY SIEGEL AND BRUCE SIMON
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ADDITIONAL LETTERING by ROGER FREEDMAN AND TOM ORZECOWSKI.

Will Cogers Tonight

by SPIEGEL + SIMON



GRANDSON, ALL THE GREATS ARE IN THIS HALL OF FAME! IF IT WEREN'T FOR TV, YOU PROBABLY WOULD HAVE NEVER HEARD OF HALF OF 'EM!



OH, BUT I KNOW WHO **THIS** PERSON WAS, GRANDPA! HE WAS WILL COGERS, THE AMERICAN HOMESPUN COWBOY PHILOSOPHER! WE LEARNED ABOUT HIM IN SCHOOL!



HOCCKKK



TOOIEE!

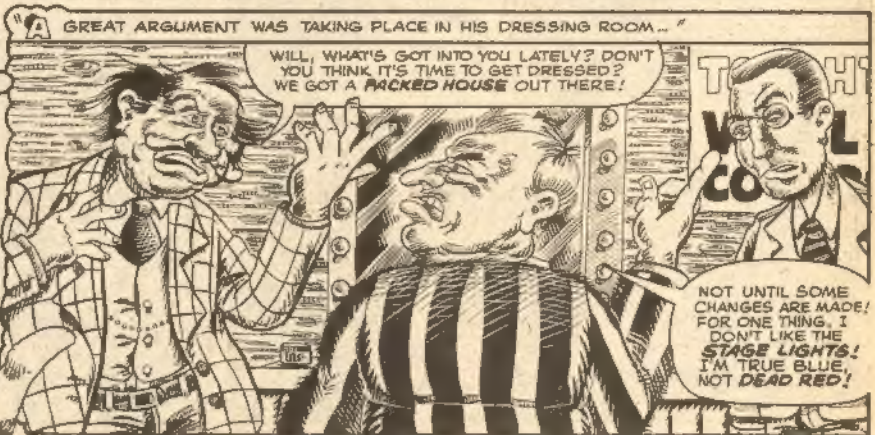


GRANDAD! WHY DID YOU DO THAT? WHY DID YOU SPIT ON THAT BUST OF WILL COGERS?

SON, IF THE REAL WILL COGERS WAS HERE RIGHT NOW, I THINK I'D THROTTLE HIM!



THAT LOUSY COW-PORKER! LET ME EXPLAIN-- I'VE MET HIM! I WAS THE ASSISTANT TO THE STAGE MANAGER AT THE OLD ORPHEUM THE NIGHT WILL FLIPPED OUT!



A GREAT ARGUMENT WAS TAKING PLACE IN HIS DRESSING ROOM...

WILL, WHAT'S GOT INTO YOU LATELY? DON'T YOU THINK IT'S TIME TO GET DRESSED? WE GOT A PACKED HOUSE OUT THERE!

NOT UNTIL SOME CHANGES ARE MADE! FOR ONE THING, I DON'T LIKE THE STAGE LIGHTS! I'M TRUE BLUE, NOT DEAD RED!

"HE WOULD QUIBBLE OVER EVERY LITTLE THING!"

WHAT? YOU NEVER SAID THAT THERE WAS ANYTHING WRONG WITH THOSE LIGHTS BEFORE! I DON'T UNDERSTAND!

OH, I FEEL GREAT TA-NIGHT! FEEL THAT ARM, JOE! I DIDN'T GET THOSE MUSCLES LIFTING CHAMPAGNE GLASSES!



IT'S GETTING LATE! PLEASE!! GET DRESSED! I APPEAL TO YOU, I APPEAL TO YOU AS A MAN!

WILL COGER
TONIGHT!
SEPT 2nd - 21st
ORPHEUS

HAW! YOU DON'T EVEN APPEAL TO ME AS A WOMAN! HAW, HAW, HAW!



YOU HAVEN'T HEARD A WORD I'VE SAID! DO YOU EVEN KNOW WHAT YOU'RE GOING TO TALK ABOUT TONIGHT?

I DUNNO, HELL, ANYTHING THAT COMES OUT OF MY MOUTH IS FUNNY! I'LL JUST SAY ANYTHING!



THIS GUY THINKS HE'S A WIT, BUT HE'S ONLY HALF RIGHT!

FOR CRY EYE! WILL! YOU CAN'T GO ON WITH MATERIAL LIKE THAT!



AND GIVE ME THAT BOTTLE, WILL! I DON'T ALLOW ANYONE TO GIVE A DRUNKEN PERFORMANCE IN MY THEATRE!



EYU! GET OUTTA HERE!!



WHY--YOU CAN'T DO THAT TO HIM!

WELL, YOU GOT AS MUCH CHANCE OF GETTING ME ON THAT STAGE NOW AS A ONE-LEGGED MAN HAS OF WINNING AN ASS-KICKING CONTEST.



BUT SUDDENLY--

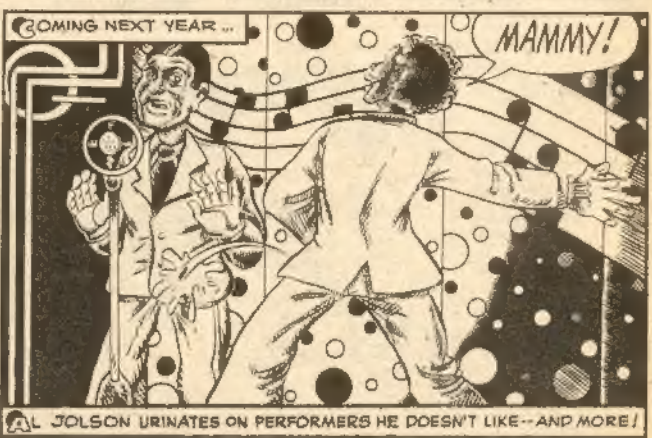
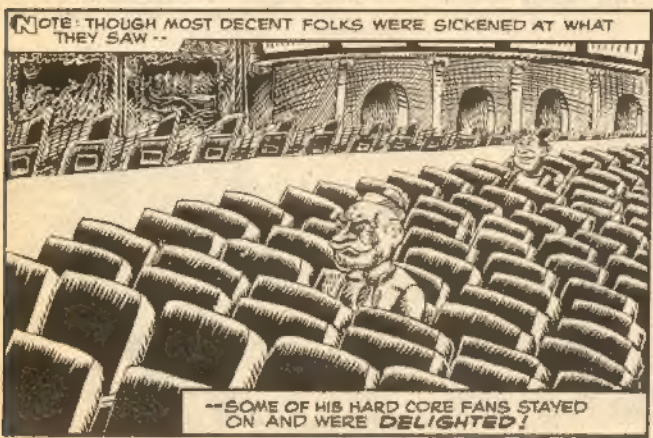
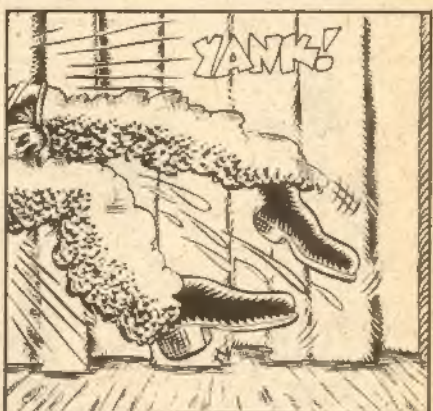
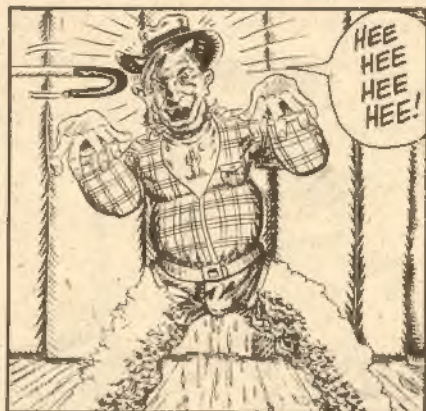
IM SORRY, GENTLEMEN! I LOST CONTROL AND I APOLOGIZE! I'LL BE DRESSED AND OUT IN A MINUTE!



HIS PERFORMANCE--

THANK YOU FOR YOUR WARM WELCOME, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN! Y'KNOW, I'VE OFTEN SAID THAT I NEVER MET A MAN I DIDN'T LIKE, BUT, HAW, HAW--



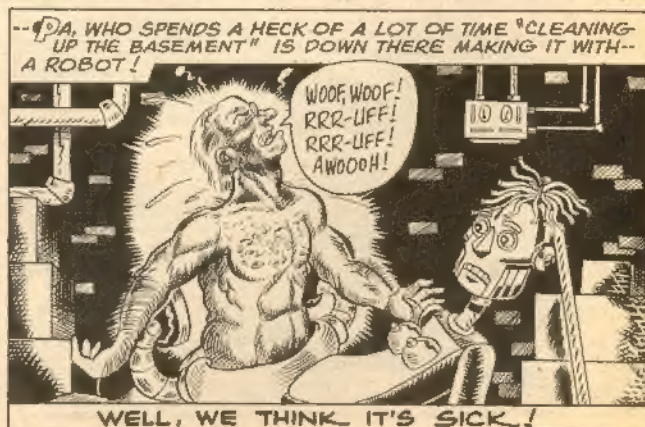
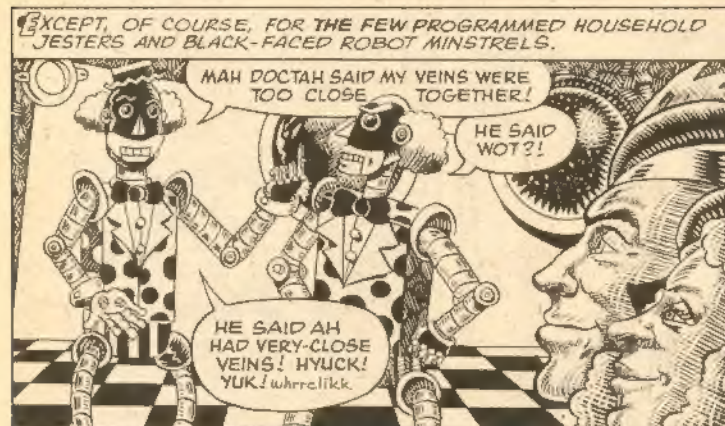
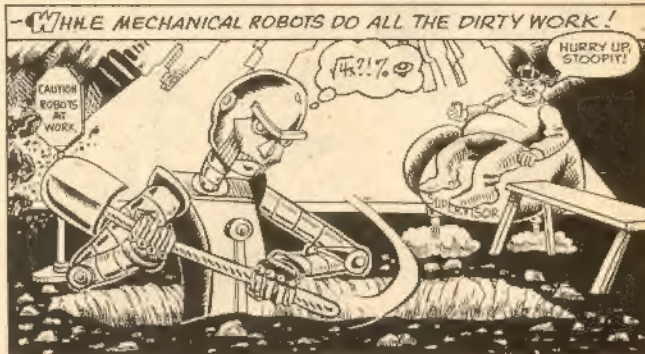


FACT: BECAUSE OUR COUNTRY IS IN THE THROES OF ECONOMIC DEPRESSION -- BECAUSE PEOPLE DESPERATELY CRAVE ENTERTAINMENT TO ESCAPE DEPRESSING REALITY, THE FUTURE OF OUR ECONOMY AND BEING LIES IN...

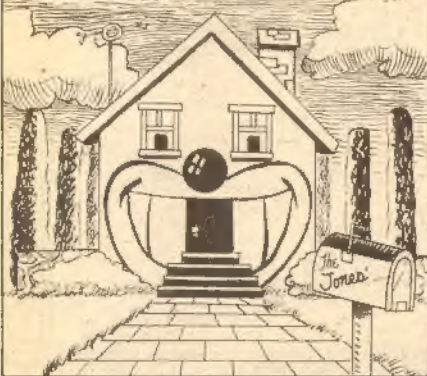
RAW FUN!

By *SPIDEL & SIMON*

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THE JONES' HAVE A MORE TYPICAL HOUSEHOLD--

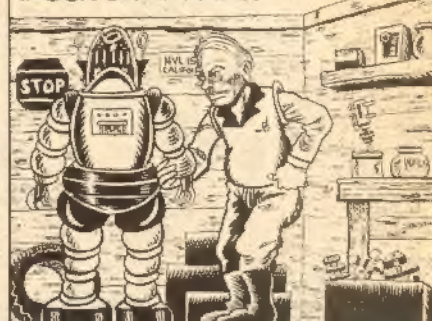


MOM IS IN THE KITCHEN MAKING JELLY APPLES FOR DINNER--



-- SHE STARTS ALL HER RECIPES WITH KRAFCO REAL MAYONNAISE!

GRANDPA IS IN THE GARAGE TINKERING WITH HIS ANCIENT ROBBY THE ROBOT--HE HOPES TO GET IT RUNNING FOR THE LABOR DAY PARADE!



MEANWHILE ON THE PATIO, THE TWINS (CASTOR AND POLLOX) ARE HAVING A FIRECRACKER-HOLDING CONTEST--



AND IN THE LIVING ROOM, DAD IS HAVING A DEBATE WITH A NEIGHBOR--



WELL, MY BROTHER QUINCY USED TO WORK AT I.T.T. TOO...



YEAH, UNTIL THEY MADE HIM TAKE HIS CHERRY CART OFF THEIR LAWN! HAR!



HMPH! IF HE WAS IN THE DIAL-A-JOKE DIVISION OF I.T.T. I COULD UNDERSTAND, BUT HIS JOB AMUSES NO ONE!

--WHILE MY JOB DEALS IN LIQUID COMMODITIES!



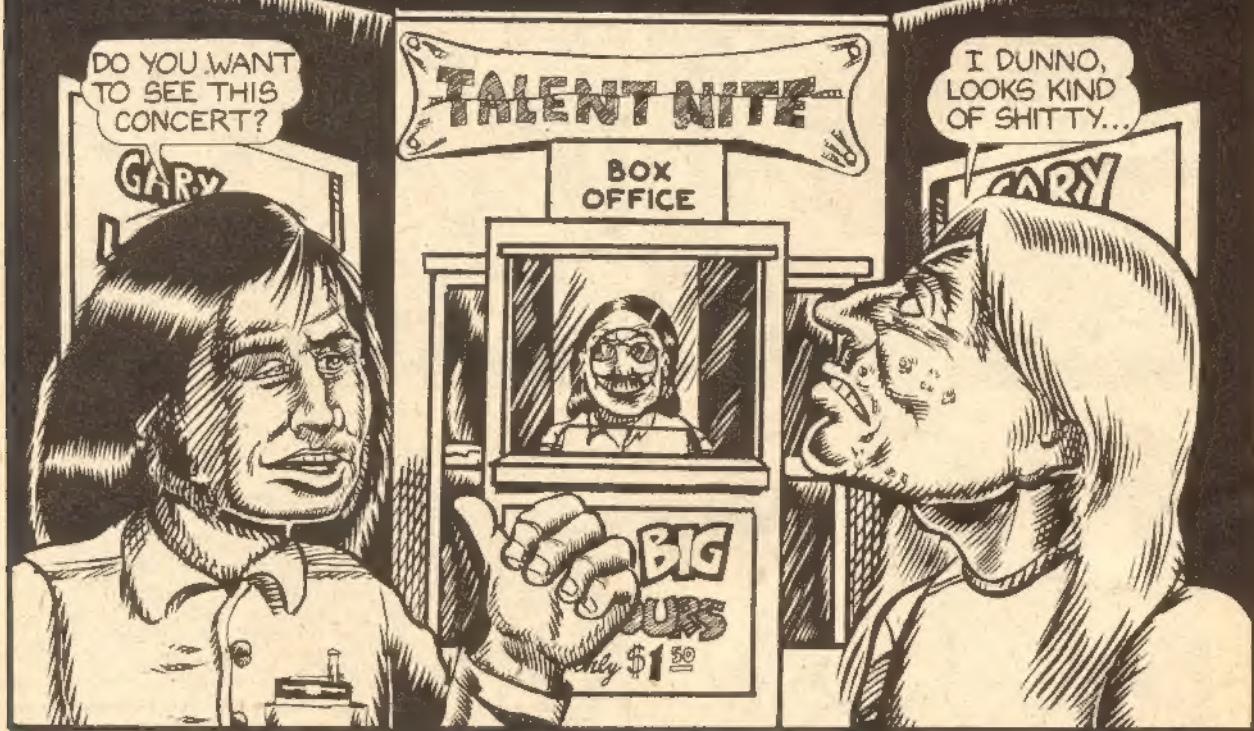
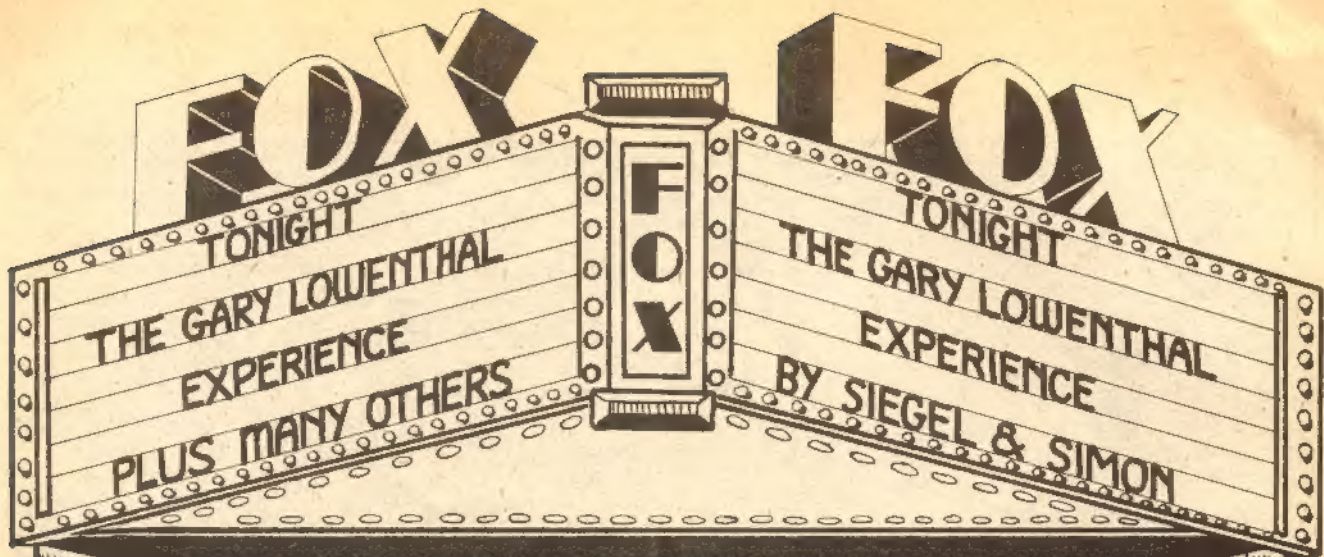
HI, SAM.

'LO, HARVEY.

HEY, YA LUNCH-BUCKET SAP! MY LITTLE SISTER KIN THROW BETTER'N YOU!



DUNK THE CLOWN! 53 balls \$13.00 THE END.



THE CONCERTS ARE LONG AND THE CROWD GETS A BIT ROWDY AT TIMES, BUT THEY'RE BASICALLY A GOOD BUNCH OF KIDS.

You are subject
to being
searched
upon entering

No alcohol
beverage
or bottles

TONIGHT'S SPOTLIGHT IS ON ONE GROUP IN PARTICULAR, "THOSE MAKERS OF SNAPPY MUSIC" - **THE GARY LOWENTHAL EXPERIENCE!!**

SWELL!

WE **GOTTA** PLAY OUR BEST TONIGHT, THERE MAY BE THAT CERTAIN TALENT SCOUT FROM A RECORD COMPANY OUT THERE TONIGHT!

WELL, I **GOTTA** BE HOME BY TEN!

GARY YOU ARE
BA-AD!

GET HIM!

RAP SESSION

YEAH, I JAMMED WITH ALL THE GREATS - JIMI, JANIS, JIM MORRISON, THEY'RE ALL GONE NOW Y'KNOW -

LUCKY FOR YOU!

VER ISS MY SON, GARY?

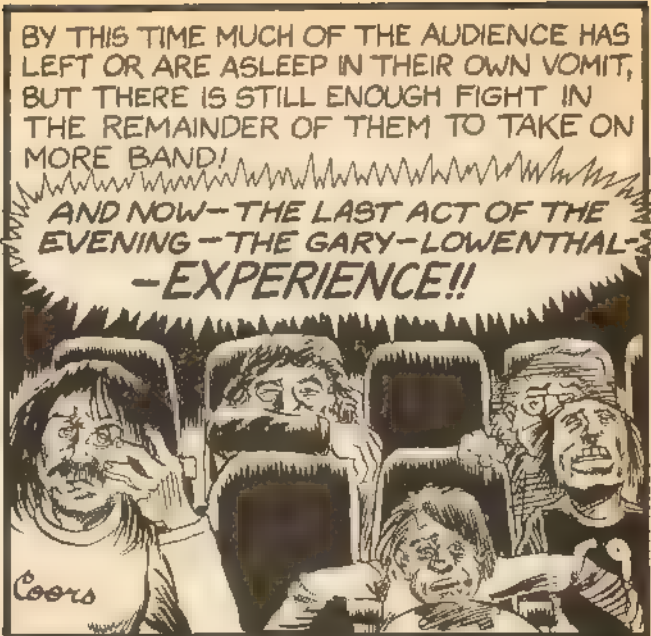
WHAT'S THAT OLD LADY JABBERING GACK! ABOUT?

YOU CAN'T GO OUT THERE, SONNY!

UH, I THINK THEY WANT ME OUT ON STAGE!

I TOLD HER NEVER TO COME DOWN HERE!

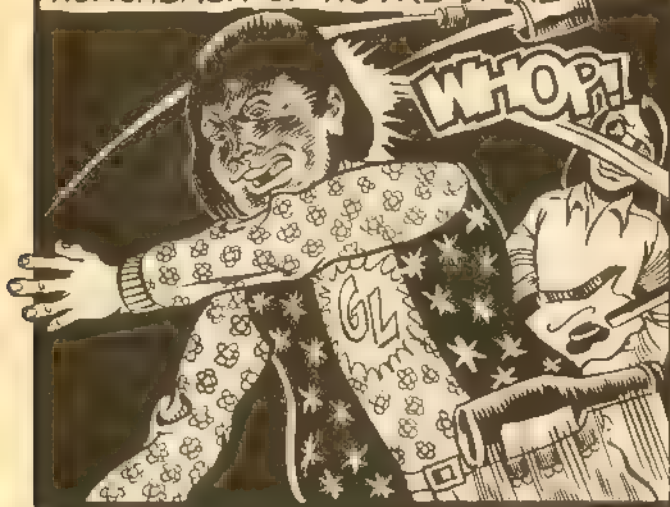




HEY THERE, ROCKERS!



THIS BROUGHT A TEAR TO GARY'S EYE, FOR AS A LAD HE REMEMBERS HIS FATHER TAKING HIM TO A REISSUE OF "THE HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME"



"BUT ENOUGH OF THAT", THINKS GARY. HE HAS AN OBLIGATION TO HIS PUBLIC, AND THE BEER CANS HARDLY HURT ANYWAY.

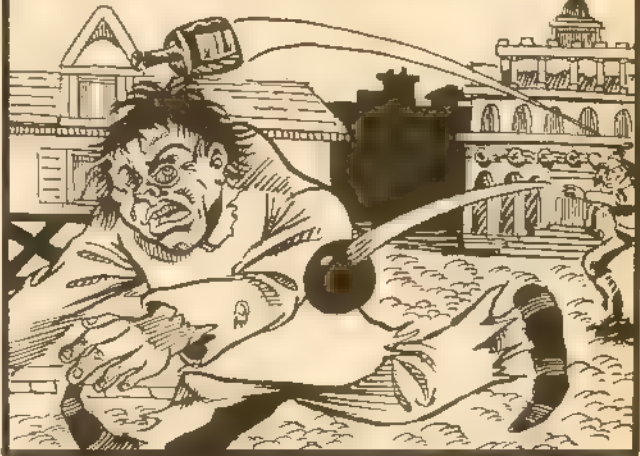
THE SHOW MUST GO ON!



BUT SERIOUSLY FOLKS, I WUZ SPEAKIN' WITH COUNT DRACULA THE OTHER DAY AND THAT GUY IS REALLY GROSS! I MEAN, YA EVER SEE A PIECE OF SNOT WITH VEINS? SNUCK!



HE REMEMBERS THE SCENE WHERE THE VILLAGERS HURLED STONES AND ROTTEN FRUIT AT POOR TORMENTED QUASIMODO WHOSE ONLY CRIME WAS THAT HE WANTED TO BE LIKED!



IN ORDER TO SET UP A BETTER RAPPORT WITH HIS AUDIENCE, LOWENTHAL PEPPERS HIS ACT WITH JOKES AND WISECRACKS.

ABOUT KIDS THESE DAYS...



COME ON! I KNOW YER OUT THERE, I CAN SMELL THE SHIT BETWEEN YOUR TEETH! PUH, HA, HA!



A black and white illustration of a large, stylized, smiling face with a wide, open mouth, surrounded by numerous small stars. The face is framed by a decorative, arched border at the top.

"AM I NOT GREAT?", DREAMS GARY, "TOO BAD I AM NOT CONSCIOUS TO HEAR THE APPLAUSE!" TOO BAD THERE WASN'T ANY...

HOURS LATER

WHAT A WEIRDO.

DID YOU SEE THAT **CRAZY** FUCKER??

HE STUNK ANYWAY...

OOH...

THAT STAR SHINING UPON ME! IT IS THE LIGHT OF HEAVEN BECKONING ME TO BECOME A **STAR**!

NOT QUITE, SONNY. THAS' JUST A CRACK O' LIGHT COMING IN FROM THE ROOF. IT'S MORNING NOW.

I CAN SEE IT NOW!
MY NAME FIFTY FEET
HIGH! MONEY! GURLS!
FAME!

QUITE A BUMP YOU GOT ON YOUR HEAD. YOU OUGHTA CUT OUT THE HEAD SLAMMIN'.

I'VE SEEN 'EM COME AND GO, THEY NEVER GET BOOKED HERE MORE THAN ONCE.

TICED IN THE HEAD, HE IS

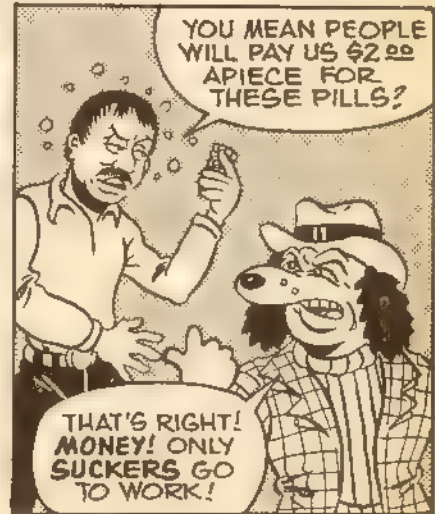
THIS IS ONLY THE BEGINNING!
SOON I'LL BE PLAYING NATION-WIDE! CHICAGO! NEW YORK! SAN FRAN! **UP AND UP! THE PALACE!**
HULLABALOO! THE ED SULLIVAN SHOW!...

NO YOU WON'T, GARY.

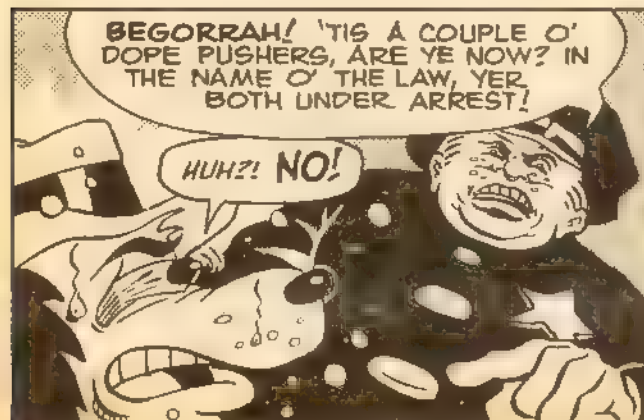
BLACKWALL SIEGEL

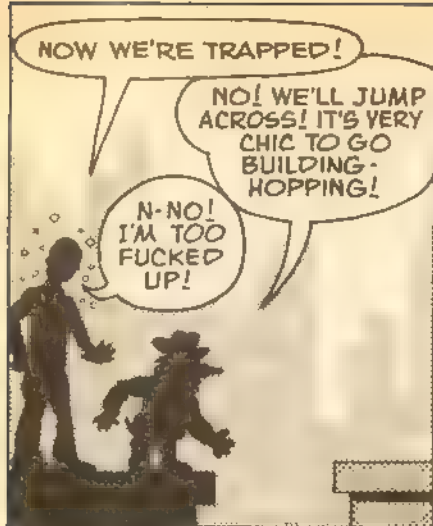


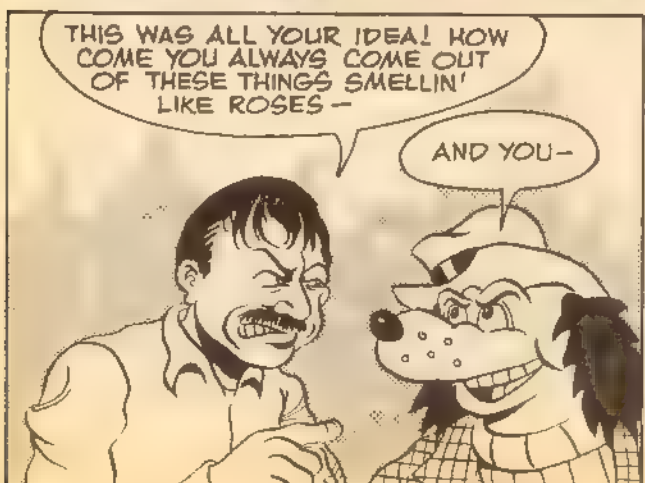
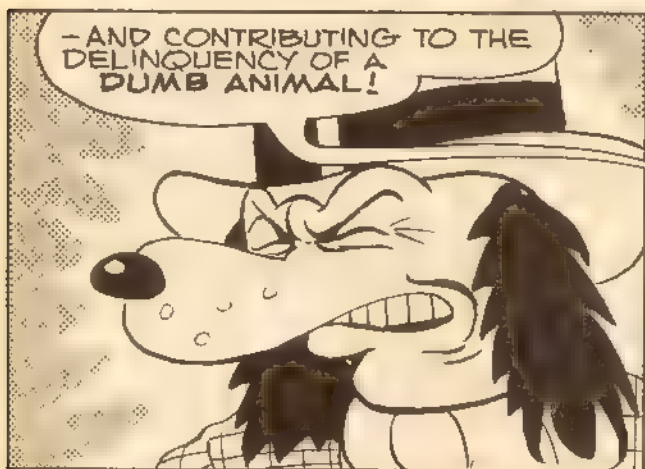
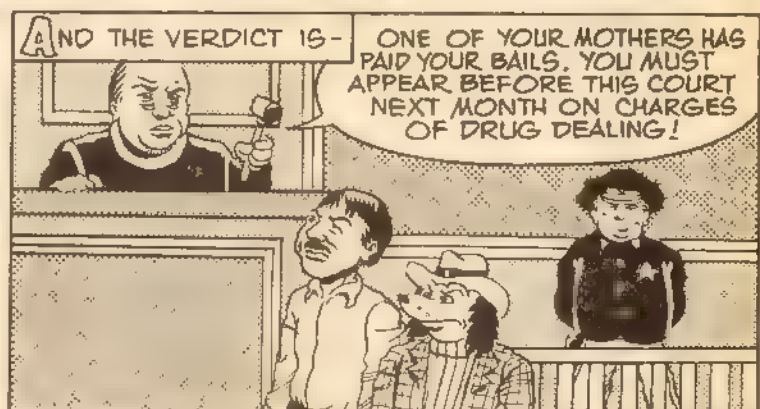
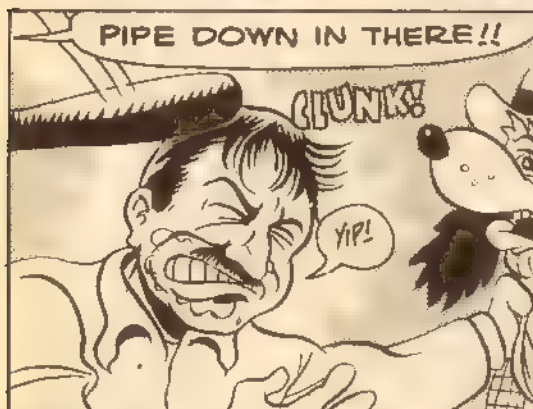
QUAALUDE - IT'S THE DRUG OF THE YEAR!! A POTENT PRESCRIPTION SEDATIVE TAKEN BEFORE RETIRING, THEY HELP YOU SLEEP! TAKEN AT OTHER TIMES (LIKE AT PARTIES OR AT CLUBS) THEY PRODUCE HEAVILY DRUNK-LIKE SYMPTOMS WITHOUT TAKING A SIP! AND THERE ARE THOSE WHO TAKE QUAALUDES WHEN THEY DO NOT NEED TO SLEEP...



BLACKWALL SIEGEL (DOG) CONVINCES FOUR DIFFERENT VETERINARIANS AND SHRINKS A MONTH THAT HE IS PLAGUED WITH THOUGHTS AT NIGHT AND CANNOT SLEEP. THROUGH DECEIT HE RECIEVES 160 QUAALUDES A MONTH ON MEDICAL.



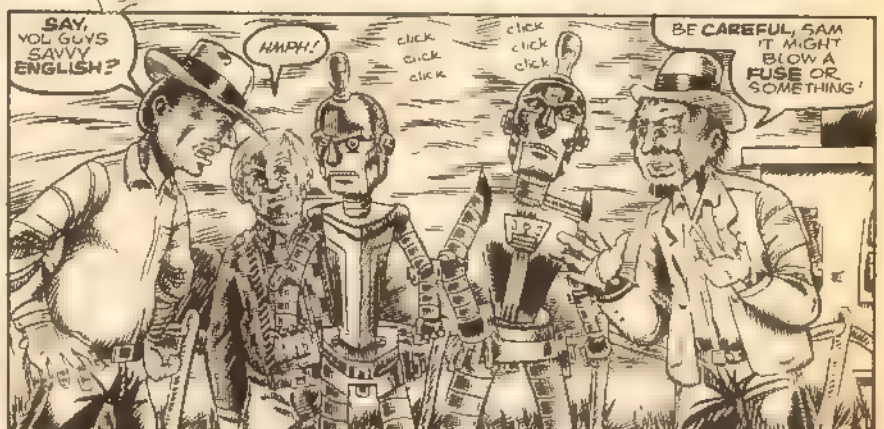
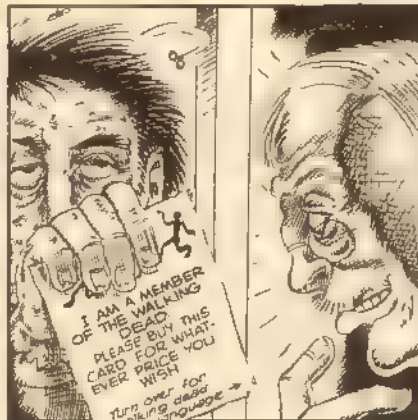
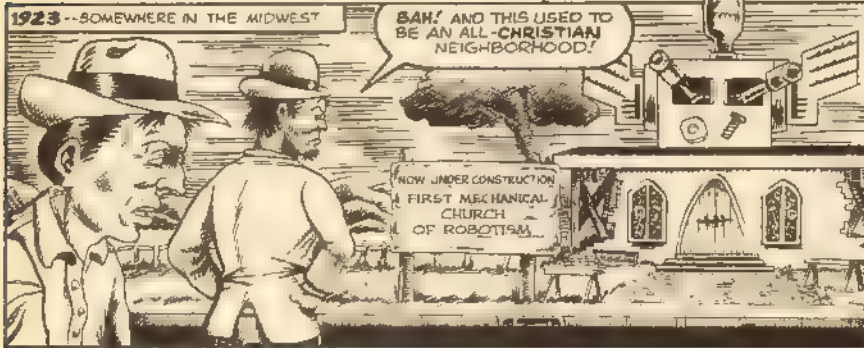


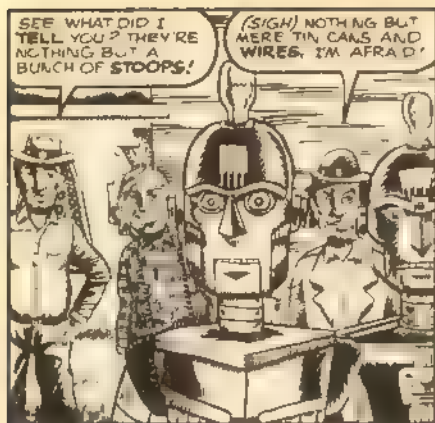


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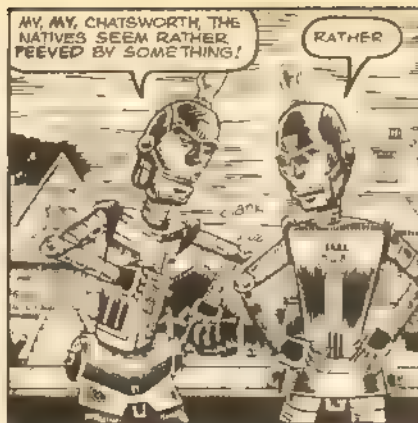
THIS MECHANICAL AGE!

By SEBELT SIMON



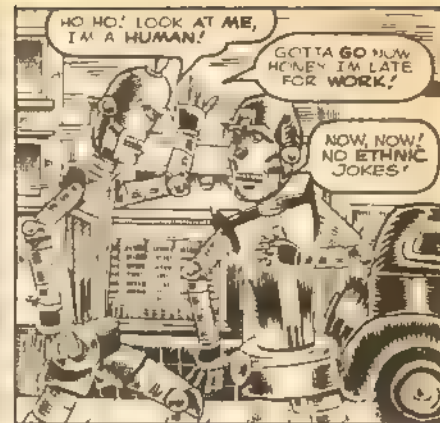


(SIGH) NOTHING BUT WERE TIN CANS AND WIRES, I'M AFRAID



MY, MY, CHATSWORTH, THE NATIVES SEEM RATHER PEEVED BY SOMETHING!

RATHER



HO HO! LOOK AT ME, I'M A HUMAN!

GOTTA GO NOW! MONEY I'M LATE FOR WORK!

NOW, NOW! NO ETHNIC JOKES!



THIS IS SUCH A QUIET COMMUNITY, TOO WONDER WHERE THEY ALL BLEW IN FROM?

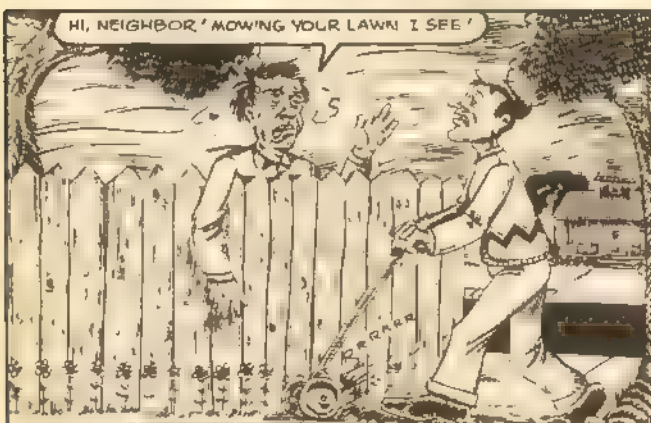
HOLLYWOOD, NO DOUBT -- THAT PLACE IS SICK!

WHY THEY MAY GET THE PLACE SO STIRRED UP, THERE MIGHT EVEN BE



--PANIC IN THE STREETS!

EEK!

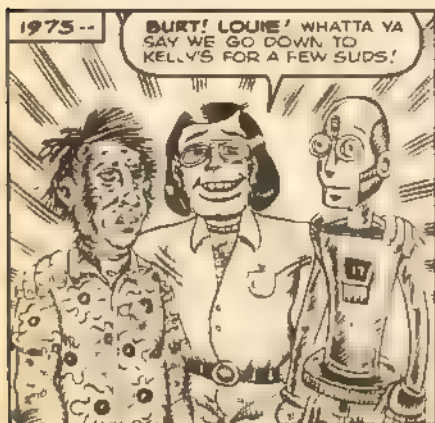


HI, NEIGHBOR! MOWING YOUR LAWN I SEE!



GOTTA LIGHT?

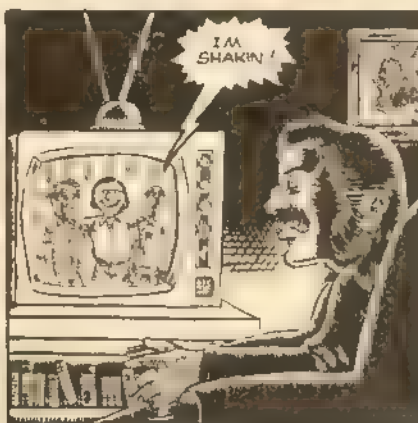
WILL THEY EVER BE ACCEPTED?



1975--

BURT! LOUIE! WHATTA YA SAY WE GO DOWN TO KELLY'S FOR A FEW SUDS!

I'M SHAKIN!

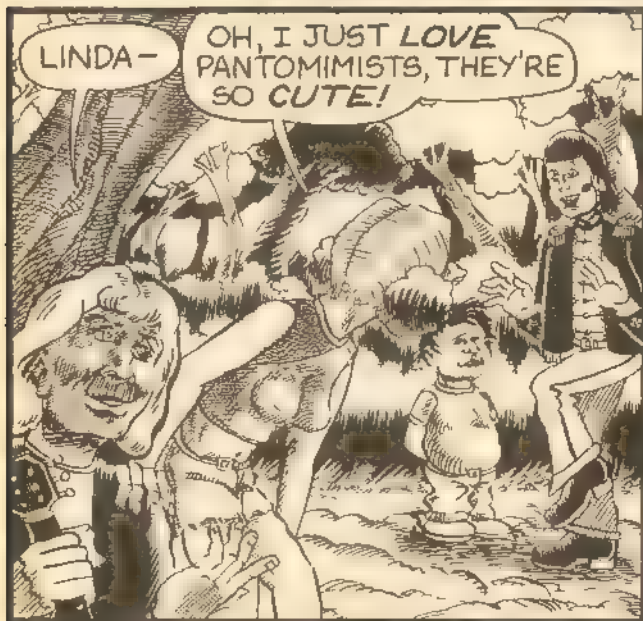


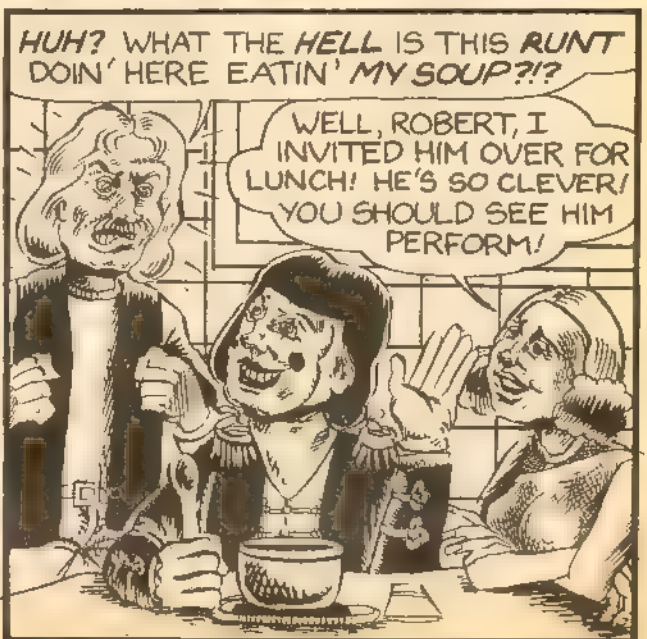
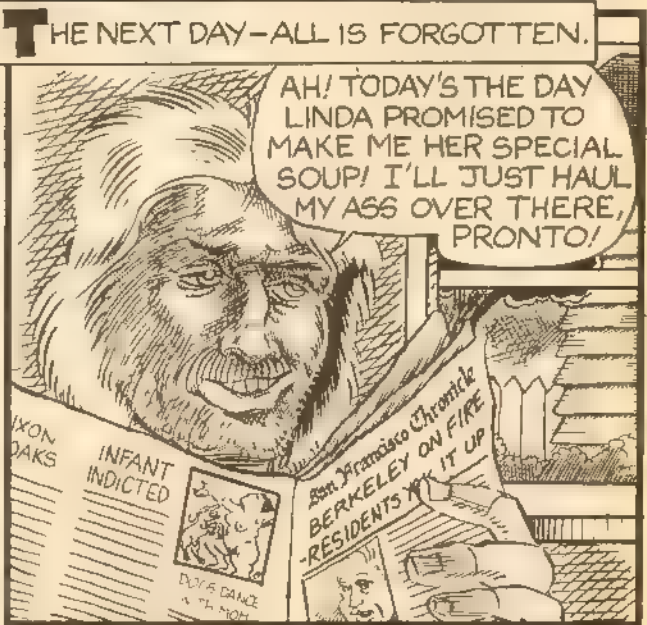
FAH! THEY'RE ALWAYS PUTTING TOKEN ROBOTS IN THESE GODDAMN TV SHOWS!

TO THINK THAT ONE OF THOSE MORONIC WHITE-FACED FOOLS COULD ACTUALLY STEAL AWAY MY SWEET GIRLFRIEND FROM UNDER MY NOSE MAKES ME SCREAM IN RAGE! HOW CAN I COMPETE WITH A GUY WHO LOVES TO ACT LIKE A CLOWN IN PUBLIC? ME ACT LIKE A CLOWN TOO? NOPE! NOT ON A BET! I'LL...

NEVER MIME!









I'LL SEE HIM OUT THE DOOR, GODDAMMIT!

OH YOU! DON'T BE SUCH A CLOWN! HE'S SUCH AN EXPRESSIVE PERSON AND I'VE INVITED HIM TO OUR PARTY TONIGHT!

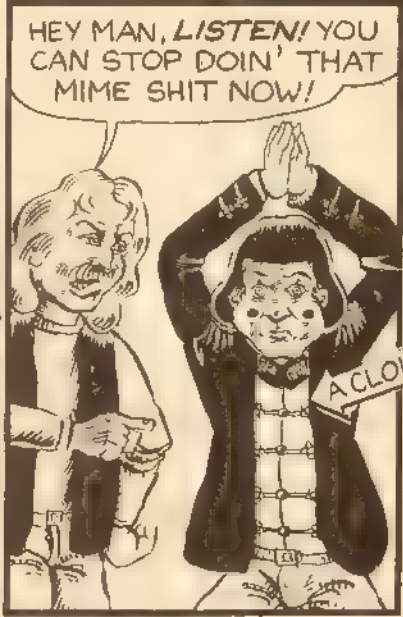


NOW, YOU BOYS BE FRIENDS. I HAVE TO GET FOOD FOR TONIGHT- WHY DON'T YOU HAVE TOMMY SHOW YOU SOME OF HIS IMPRESSIONS?



HEY MAN, STOP THE MIME BIT FOR A MINUTE! I HAVE TO TALK WITH YOU!

A TREE



HEY MAN, LISTEN! YOU CAN STOP DOIN' THAT MIME SHIT NOW!

A CLOUD



I SEZ CUT THE MIME CRAP!!!



LISTEN, I REALLY DIG THIS CHICK AND YOU'RE BLOWIN' IT FOR ME! WHILE YOU'RE IMPRESSING HER WITH YOUR SILLY ANTICS, I'M STANDING THERE WITH MY DICK IN MY HAND!



YOU'RE REALLY MESSING UP THE WHOLE SCENE FOR ME AND - HEY MAN, ARE YOU LISTENIN' TO ME?

GRARR! YOU MIMES ARE THE **BUNK!!!**
NEVER SAYIN' ANYTHING, ALWAYS
ACTING CUTESY! FOR GOD'S SAKE,
DON'T YOU EVEN HAVE THE HUMAN
DECENCY TO **ANSWER** ME?



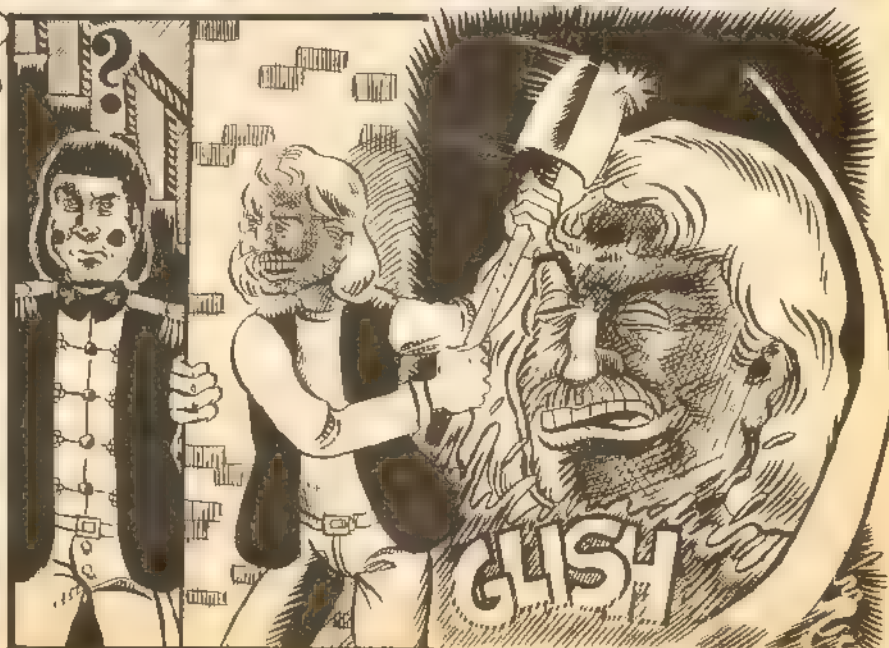
WELL THEN, **KISS OFF**, JAKE! YOU HAD
YOUR CHANCE TO WISE UP! YOU JUST
SLICED YOUR OWN TOMATOES! SO
DON'T SAY I DIDN'T WARN YOU!
GOODBYE!



THAT NIGHT...

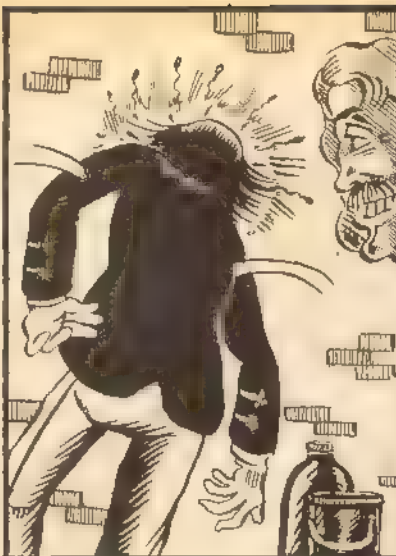


♪ OH
TOMMY-♪





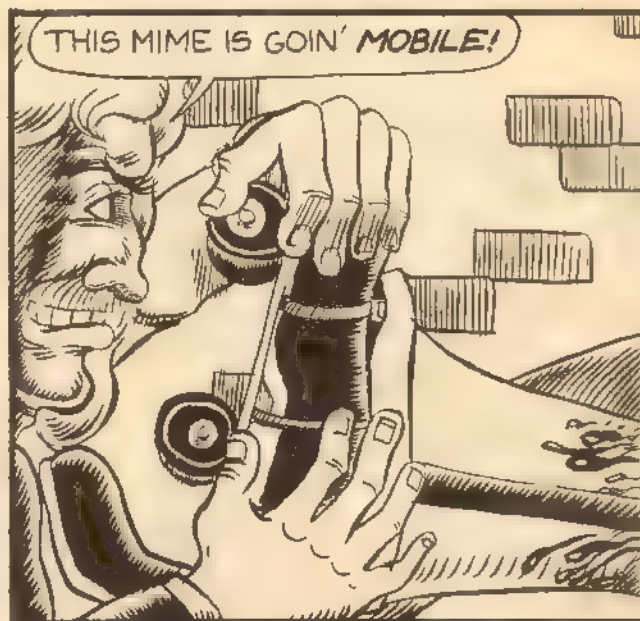
The day the clown cried



A lemon drop in infinity



Dead as a doornail!



UGH! WHAT HAPPENED! 'SCUZE ME FOLKS!
TO HIM? CONTINUE TO ENJOY
YOURSELVES! THIS
DRUNKEN **BUM** DOESN'T
HAVE TO SPOIL THE PARTY
FOR EVERYONE!

DISGUSTING!

I'VE GOT NOTHING AGAINST **GOOD**
MIMES - BOZO IS ALWAYS HAVING THAT
MARCEL WHATS-HIS-NAME ON
HIS SHOW!

Hefty®

THERE! NOW IF THERE'S
A MIME HEAVEN -

-I DON'T
WANT TO
HEAR ABOUT
IT!

WHAT HAPPENED TO
TOMMY?

THAT GEEK JUST
DRANK HIMSELF
INTO A **STUPOR**!

AND I THINK HE'S BEEN
SWIPIN' YOUR SILVERWARE
AN' -

WELL, I'M GLAD HE'S
GONE! HE WAS
GETTING TO BE SUCH
A BORE! YOU'RE
THE ONLY ONE
FOR ME!

LINDA!

OH, ROBERT!

WHAT'S THAT **BLOOD** ON YOUR SHIRT?

ERR, AHH - **NOTHIN'** -
HEE HEE...

THE END!

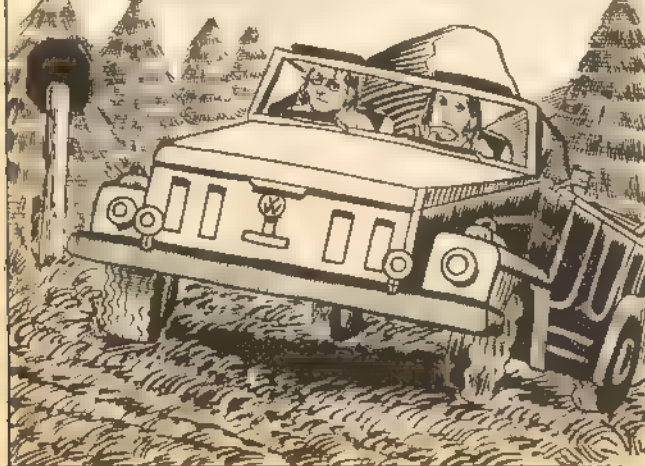
**THE MOUNTAINS - WHAT STRANGE
MAGNETISM DOES THE WILDERNESS
HAVE ON MANKIND? IS IT THE DESIRE
TO BE ONE WITH NATURE AND THE
EARTH?**

WHATEVER THE REASON, PEOPLE HAVE BEEN LURED TO THESE SILENT SENTINELS TO LIVE SIMPLER LIVES, AWAY FROM THE STAGNANT RAT-RACE OF THE CITIES.

THERE ARE MEN; LUMBERJACKS, WHO SPEND THEIR ENTIRE LIVES IN THESE WOODS. THEY LEAD RECLUSIVE LIVES AND BLEND WITH THE ELEMENTS OF NATURE LIKE NOBODY'S BUSINESS.



THAT IS WHY CHUCKIE AND DOONY-BOY, TWO CUB REPORTERS FROM AN "ALTERNATIVE" NEWSPAPER HAVE BEEN SENT TO THE MOUNTAINS, TO LIVE WITH ONE OF THE MOST RECLUSIVE LUMBERJACKS OF THEM ALL



ZE REPORTERS,
ZEY HAVE ARRIVED!



INTERVIEW WITH

FRENCH MILTON



THAT WAS SOME LONG RIDE, BUT WE'RE RARI'N' TO GO!

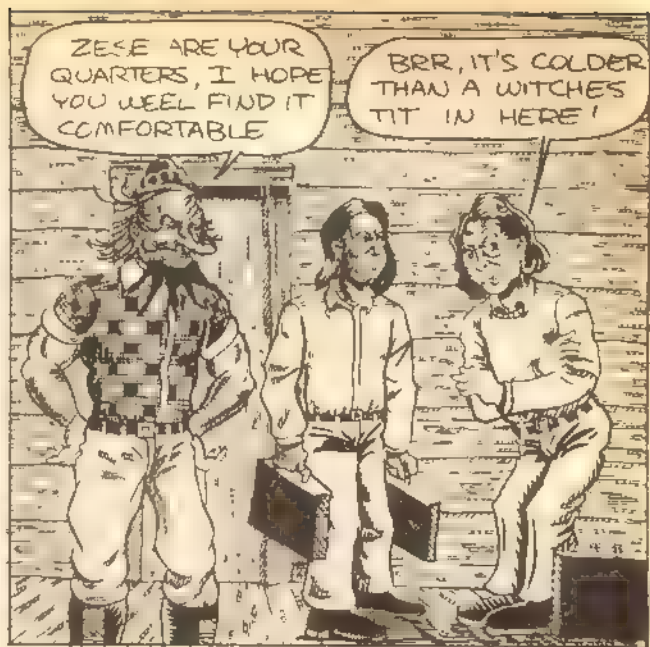
YES, WE'RE ANXIOUS TO WORK WITH YOU, SIR.

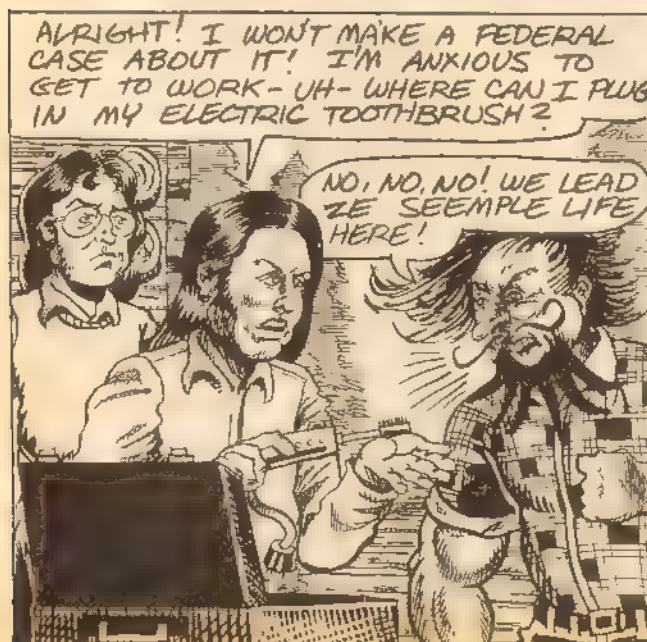
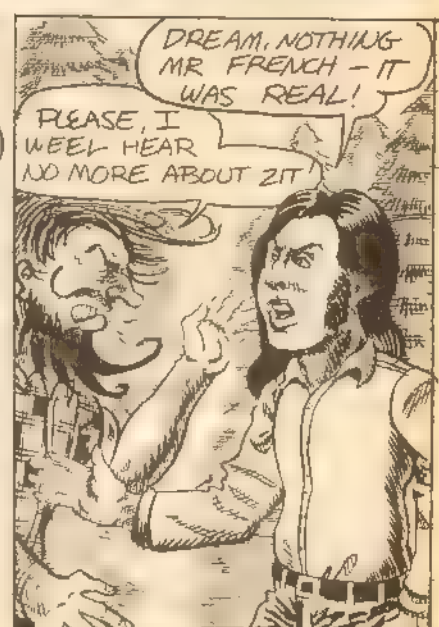
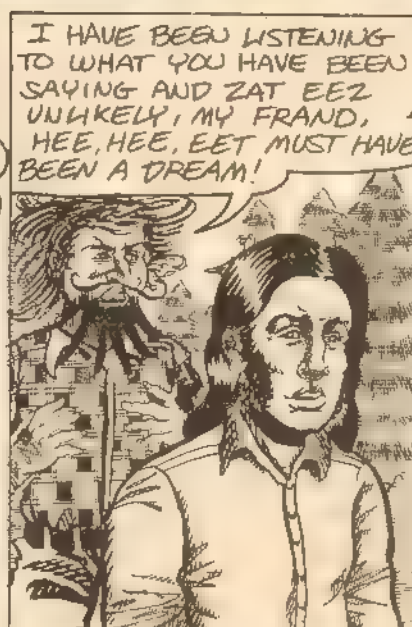
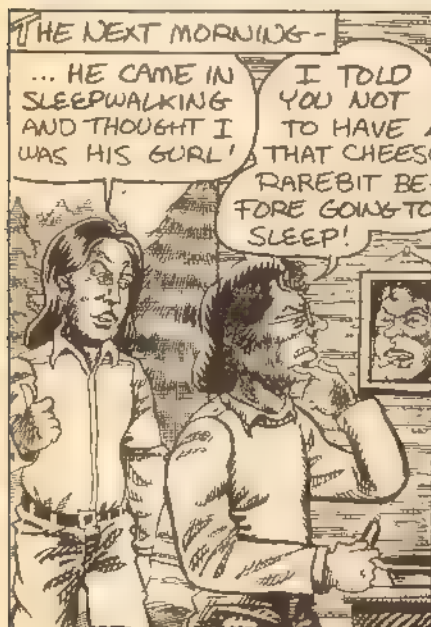
OH, PLEASE, JUST CALL ME "FRENCH MILTON".

THAT'S FINE, TELL ME, WHO'S THE MOST UNUSUAL CHARACTER YOU'VE EVER MET?

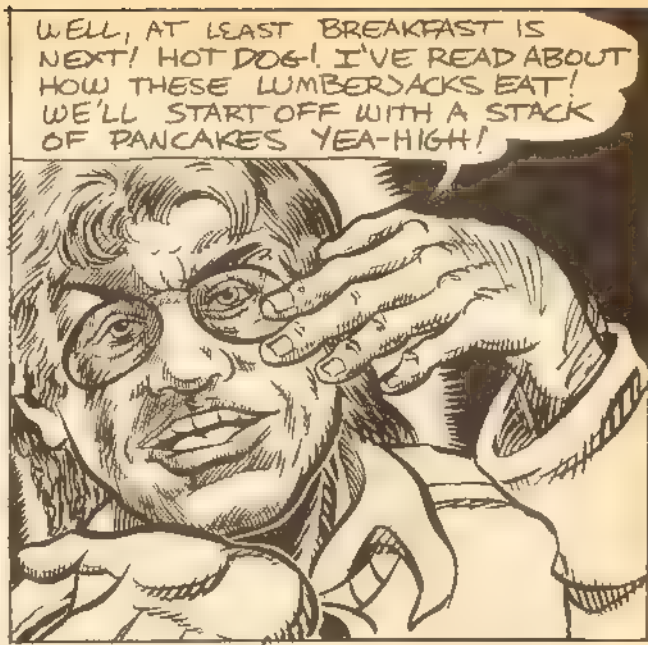
OH, HO, HO! ZUCH MANY QUESTIONS YOU ASK! YOU ARE LIKE ZE INQUISITIVE MONKEY!

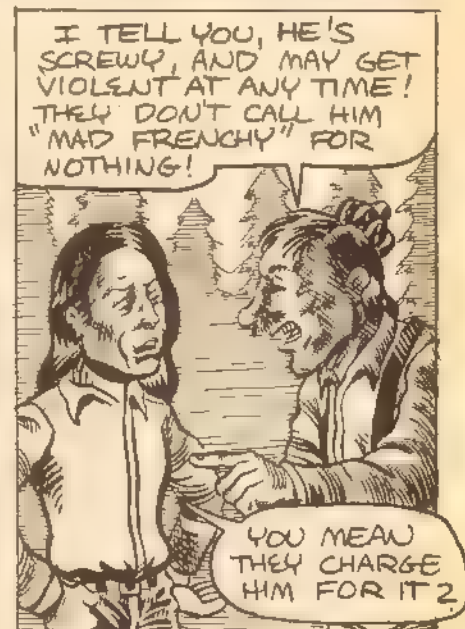












OH, YOU HAVE COME TO HELP ME- GOOD!
I HAVE PLANS TO BUILD YOUR PUNY
BODIES EENTO BEEG AND STRONG-ONES!



NO, CAN'T STAY
REALLY, THANKS
ANYWAY, WE HAVE
A PREVIOUS ENGAGE-
MENT AND MUST BE
GOING!

NO! I FORBID YOU!!! YOU CANNOT
GO UNTIL YOUR BODIES LOOK LIKE
MEN'S! NOW HELP ME CATCH
SOME OF THOSE RASCALLY
SQUIRRELS!



DON'T WORRY, WE'LL
SNEAK OUT TONIGHT
WHEN CAMP IS STILL!



AND- SHH, DON'T MAKE
A SOUND- WILL
HE BE SUPRISED IN
THE MORNING!



FOR SURE!

WHA?!!



OH
NO!

FRENCH MILTON!

PLEASE, MR.
MILTON, GIVE
US BACK OUR
TIRES!



OH, HO, HO! WHAT'S ZIS? A
COUPLE OF CRY-BABIES? NOW
GO BACK TO SLEEP MY FRAUDS,
WE HAVE MUCH WORK TO DO
TOMORROW!



NEXT MORNING—

WE WEEEL START ZE DAY OFF WEEETH SOME EXERCISES! JUMPING JACKS, READY, BEGIN, 1-2, 1-2...



NOW JUST A MINUTE HERE, MR. MILTON, DON'T YOU THINK THIS HAS GONE TOO FAR?

GET BACK IN ZE LINE!

I-YI!

SNAP!



NO PHONES OR OTHER PEOPLE AROUND FOR MILES! WE'RE DOOMED UNLESS WE CAN COME UP WITH SOMETHING!



LET'S GET DOWN ON OUR KNEES FOR AN OLD-FASHIONED PRAYER SESSION!

MORNING AGAIN—

FRENCH MILTON, LOOK AT US!



ZUCH BEE-YOOTHFUL MUSCLES, I KNEW I COULD DO EET!

EET EES FANTASTIC!! YOU BOYS COME UP AGAIN REAL SOON, YES? NO?



NO, UH, WE MEAN YES! SEE YOU SOON!

DOWN THE ROAD—

AH HA HA! WE HAD THE LAST LAUGH ON HIM! THESE NEWSPAPERS STUFFED IN OUR SHIRTS REALLY DID THE TRICK!



YEAH, THEY SURE DID—UH, DONT THROW AWAY THE FUNNIES, O.K.?

AND BACK AT THE CAMP—

OH, HO, HO, ZOSE BOYS, ZEY ARE ZUCH WEEMPS!!!



END!

TALES TOLD BY IDIOTS FULL OF SOUND & FURY

THE AUTHOR
AND
ILLUSTRATOR



SIGNIFYING NOTHING



Sir Real's

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COMIX CLASSIX**

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n/a